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VOODOO VENGEANCE!
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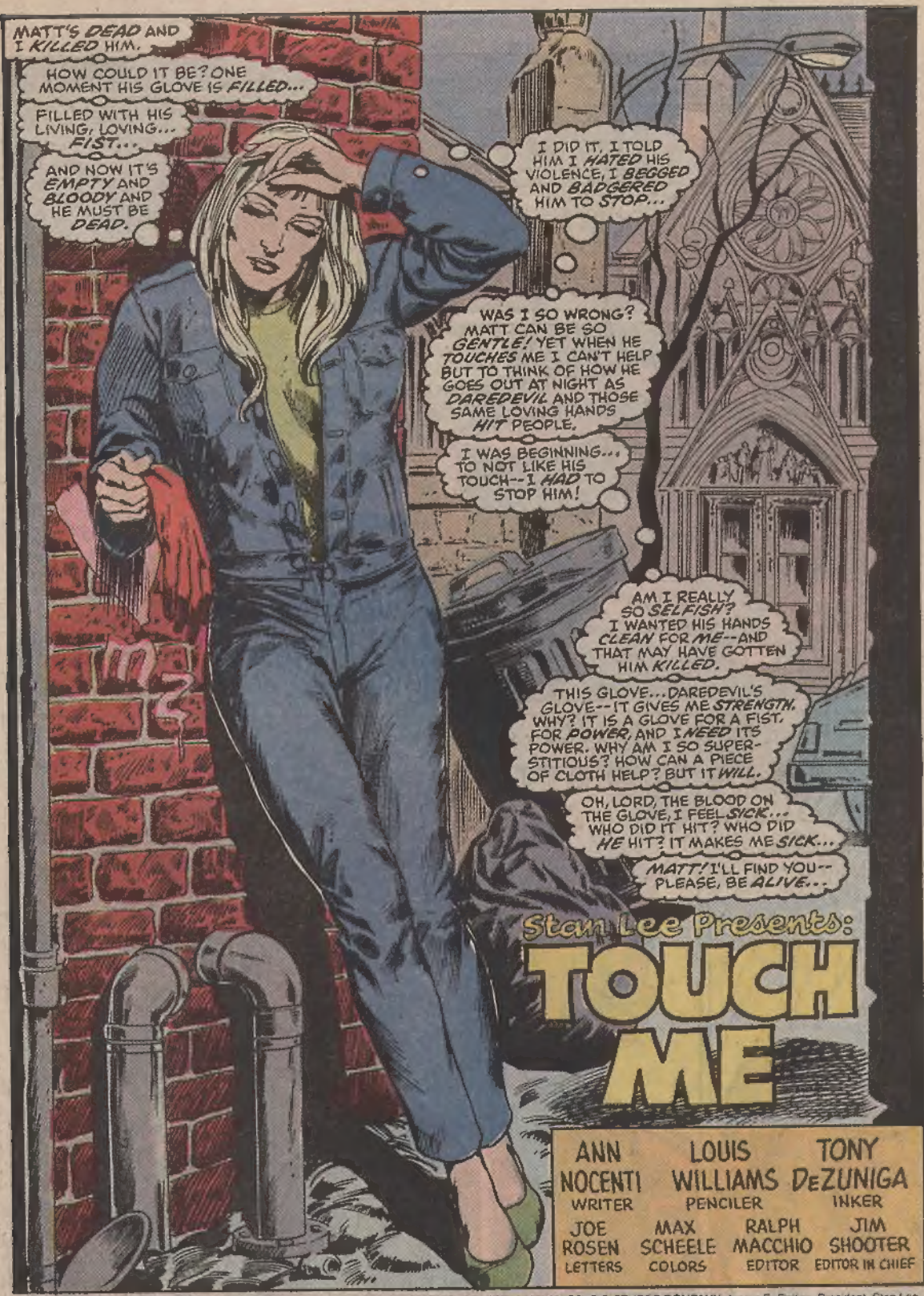

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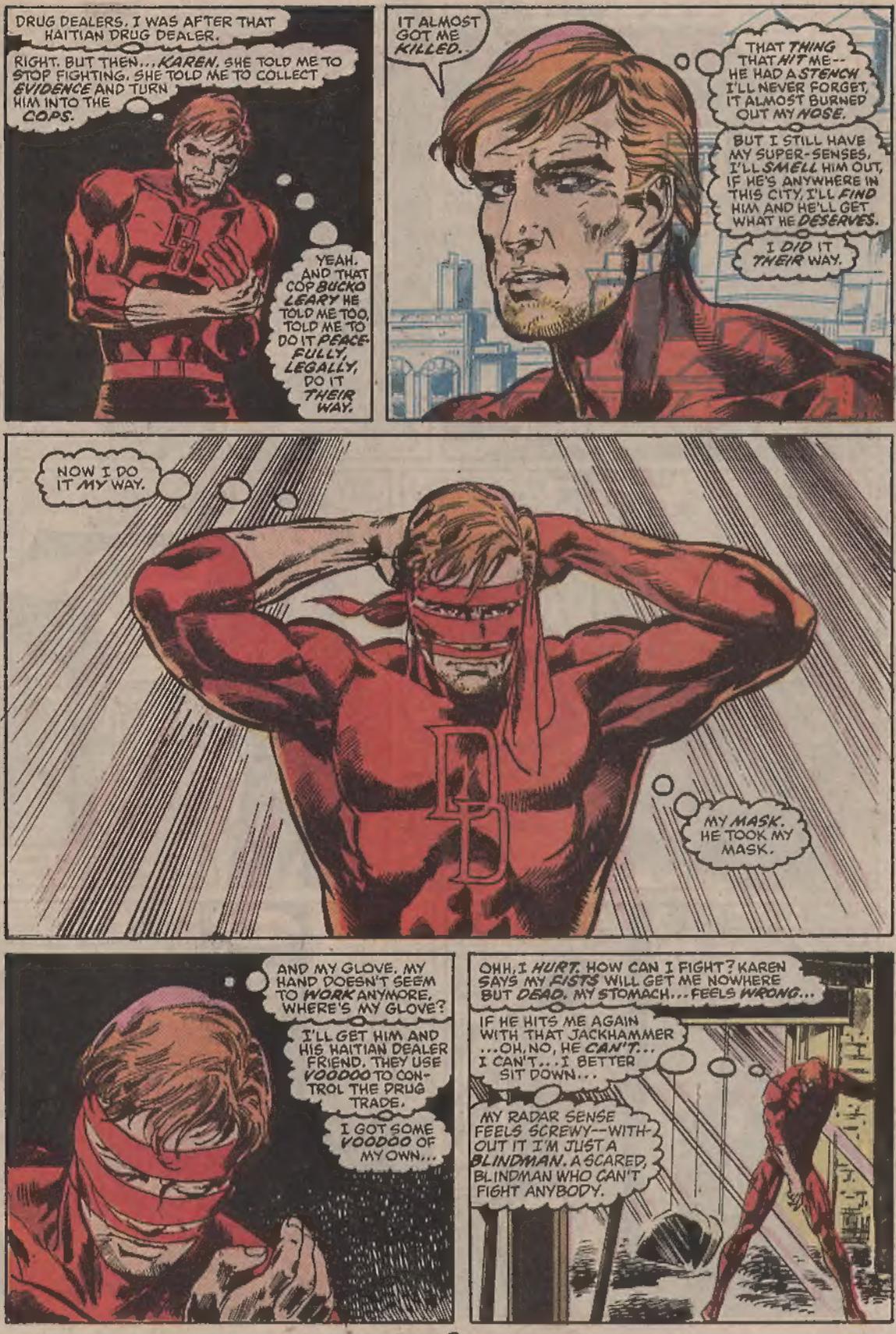
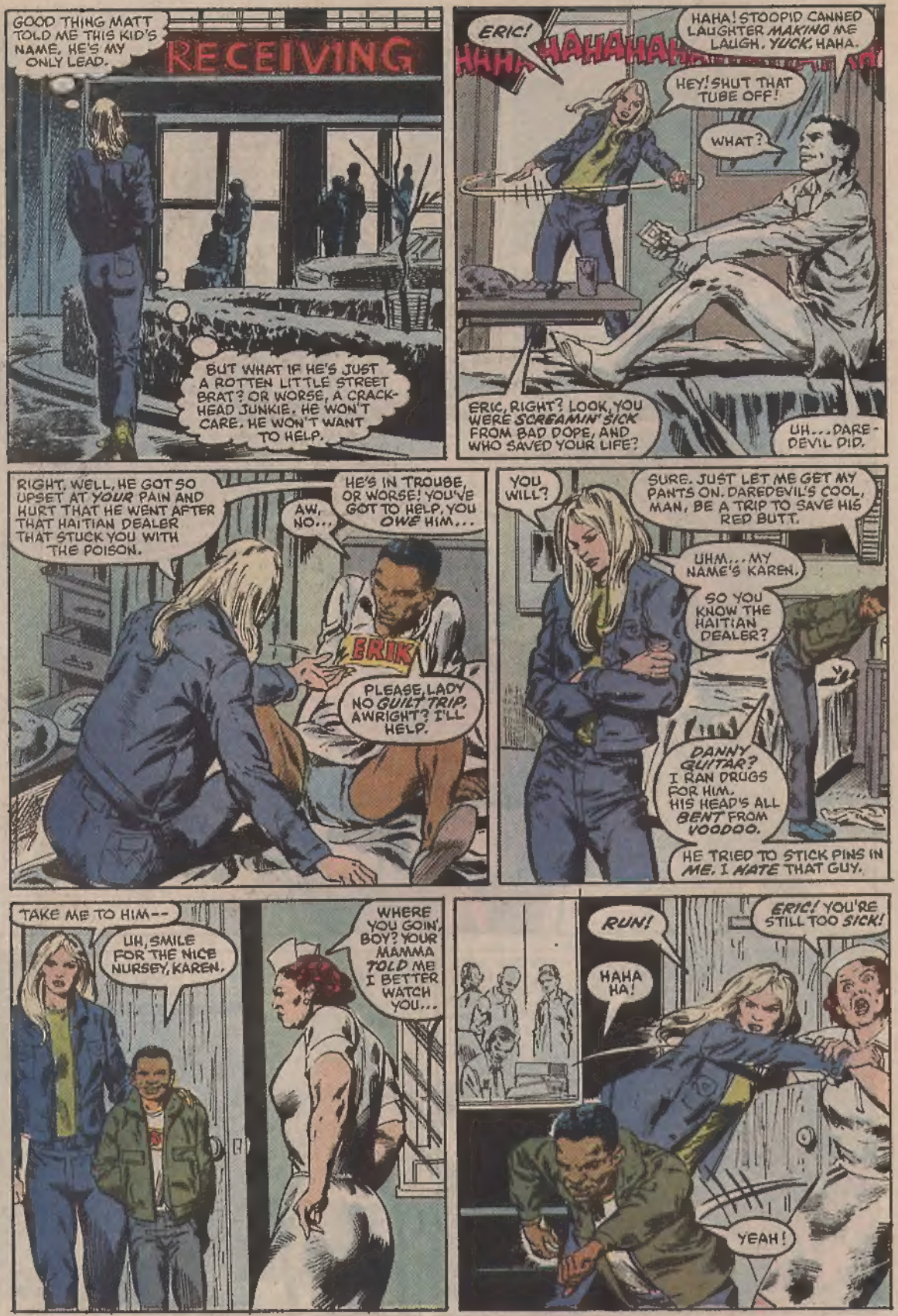
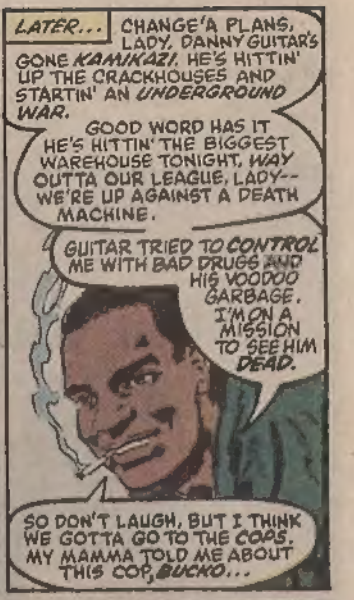
AND A FEW BLOCKS AWAY, STILL IN HELL'S KITCHEN, NEW YORK...
THE SUN BEGINS TO RISE, LIGHT AND WARMTH REACHING OUT LIKE GENTLE FINGERTIPS TOUCHING EVERYTHING IN THEIR PATH...
WHERE AM I? WHAT HAPPENED?
GOT TO GET UP, GET GOING.
WHAT HAPPENED?
I WAS HIT.
"HIT" WITH A JACKHAMMER. OR WAS IT A FIST?
"SNAPPED MY HEAD BACK LIKE A BROKEN TWIG, I COULDN'T LIFT IT BACK. MY THROAT CLOSED..."
...THEN HE WENT FOR MY GUT. HE MUST HAVE PUNCHED MY LIVER SOMEPLACE IT DOESN'T BELONG.
HIS EYES WERE BLACK BULLET HOLES... HIS SCREAMS FELT LIKE THEY WERE STRIPPING MY SKIN OFF.
"THEN HE THREW ME AT A WALL.
"AFTER THAT... I DON'T KNOW."

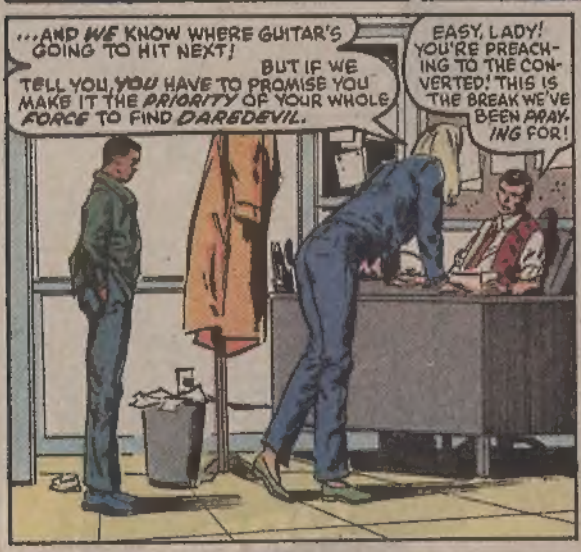

DRUG DEALERS. I WAS AFTER THAT HAITIAN DRUG DEALER.
RIGHT. BUT THEN... KAREN. SHE TOLD ME TO STOP FIGHTING. SHE TOLD ME TO COLLECT EVIDENCE AND TURN HIM INTO THE COPS.
YEAH. AND THAT COP BUCKO LEARY HE TOLD ME TOO. TOLD ME TO DO IT PEACEFULLY, LEGALLY, DO IT THEIR WAY.
IT ALMOST GOT ME KILLED.
THAT THING THAT HIT ME-- HE HAD A STENCH I'LL NEVER FORGET, IT ALMOST BURNED OUT MY NOSE.
BUT I STILL HAVE MY SUPER-SENSES, I'LL SMELL HIM OUT, IF HE'S ANYWHERE IN THIS CITY, I'LL FIND HIM AND HE'LL GET WHAT HE DESERVES.
I DID IT THEIR WAY.
NOW I DO IT MY WAY.
MY MASK. HE TOOK MY MASK.
AND MY GLOVE. MY HAND DOESN'T SEEM TO WORK ANYMORE. WHERE'S MY GLOVE?
I'LL GET HIM AND HIS HAITIAN DEALER FRIEND. THEY USE VOODOO TO CONTROL THE DRUG TRADE.
I GOT SOME VOODOO OF MY OWN...
OHH, I HURT. HOW CAN I FIGHT? KAREN SAYS MY FISTS WILL GET ME NOWHERE BUT DEAD. MY STOMACH... FEELS WRONG...
IF HE HITS ME AGAIN WITH THAT JACKHAMMER ...OH, NO, HE CAN'T... I CAN'T... I BETTER SIT DOWN...
MY RADAR SENSE FEELS SCREWY--WITHOUT IT I'M JUST A BLINDMAN. A SCARED, BLINDMAN WHO CAN'T FIGHT ANYBODY.

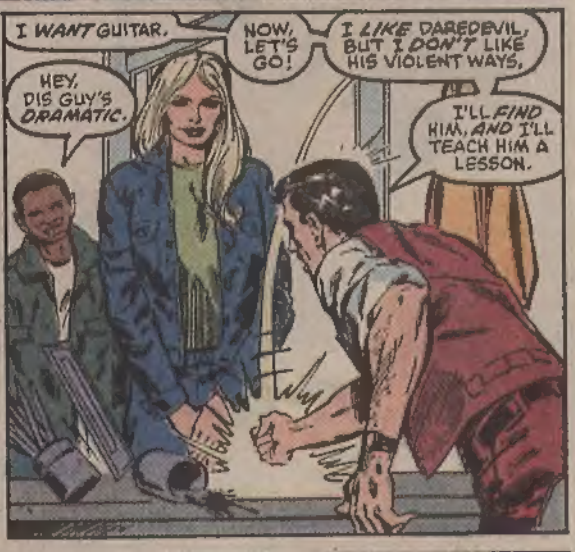

GOOD THING MATT TOLD ME THIS KID'S NAME. HE'S MY ONLY LEAD.
RECEIVING
BUT WHAT IF HE'S JUST A ROTTEN LITTLE STREET BRAT? OR WORSE, A CRACK-HEAD JUNKIE. HE WON'T CARE. HE WON'T WANT TO HELP.
ERIC!
HAHA!
HAHAHAHA!
HAHA! STOOPID CANNED LAUGHTER MAKING ME LAUGH. YUCK. HAHA.
HEY! SHUT THAT TUBE OFF!
WHAT?
ERIC, RIGHT? LOOK, YOU WERE SCREAMIN' SICK FROM BAD DOPE, AND WHO SAVED YOUR LIFE?
UH... DARE-DEVIL DID.
RIGHT. WELL, HE GOT SO UPSET AT YOUR PAIN AND HURT THAT HE WENT AFTER THAT HAITIAN DEALER THAT STUCK YOU WITH THE POISON.
AW, NO...
HE'S IN TROUBLE, OR WORSE! YOU'VE GOT TO HELP, YOU OWE HIM...
ERIK
PLEASE, LADY NO GUILT TRIP, AWRIGHT? I'LL HELP.
YOU WILL?
SURE. JUST LET ME GET MY PANTS ON. DAREDEVIL'S COOL, MAN, BE A TRIP TO SAVE HIS RED BUTT.
UHM... MY NAME'S KAREN.
SO YOU KNOW THE HAITIAN DEALER?
DANNY GUITAR? I RAN DRUGS FOR HIM. HIS HEAD'S ALL BENT FROM VOODOO.
HE TRIED TO STICK PINS IN ME. I HATE THAT GUY.
TAKE ME TO HIM--
UH, SMILE FOR THE NICE NURSEY, KAREN.
WHERE YOU GOIN, BOY? YOUR MAMMA TOLD ME I BETTER WATCH YOU...
RUN!
HAHA HA!
ERIC! YOU'RE STILL TOO SICK!
YEAH!

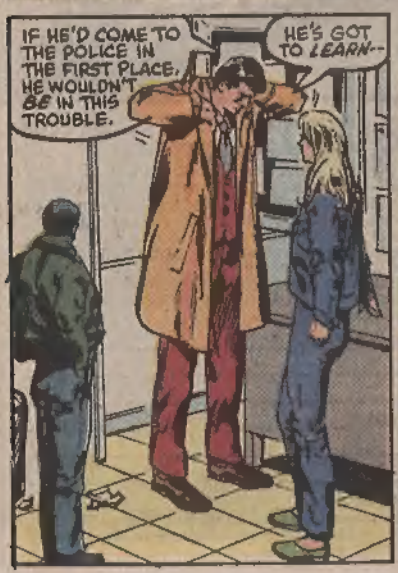
COOL OUT, LADY. YOU TOO NEUROTIC. THOUGHT YOU KNEW DAREDEVIL. STREET DON'T CALL HIM "THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR" FOR NOTHIN'! HE BE FINE. YOU'LL SEE.
YOU SURE YOU KNOW HIM?
YES.
BUT THERE'RE THINGS I CAN'T TELL YOU, ERIC. WHAT WORRIES ME IS HIS GLOVE. SOMEONE PLANTED IT IN OUR HOME, MATT'S HOME, THAT MEANS WHOEVER WE'RE UP AGAINST KNOWS DAREDEVIL AND MATT ARE THE SAME MAN!

AND THEY LEFT THE BLOODY RED GLOVE FOR ME TO FIND, TO SCARE ME OFF. YOU'D BE NERVOUS TOO, KID. WHAT I DON'T GET IS WHY ARE THEY AFRAID OF ME?
COME ON, ERIC, NOTHING'S HAPPENING. I THOUGHT YOU WERE CONNECTED.
I AM. CHILL OUT. I SEE MY MAN.
BE RIGHT BACK.


LATER... CHANGE'A PLANS, LADY. DANNY GUITAR'S GONE KAMIKAZI. HE'S HITTIN' UP THE CRACKHOUSES AND STARTIN' AN UNDERGROUND WAR.
GOOD WORD HAS IT HE'S HITTIN' THE BIGGEST WAREHOUSE TONIGHT. WAY OUTTA OUR LEAGUE, LADY-- WE'RE UP AGAINST A DEATH MACHINE.
GUITAR TRIED TO CONTROL ME WITH BAD DRUGS AND HIS VOODOO GARBAGE. I'M ON A MISSION TO SEE HIM DEAD.
SO DON'T LAUGH, BUT I THINK WE GOTTA GO TO THE COPS. MY MAMMA TOLD ME ABOUT THIS COP, BUCKO...


...AND WE KNOW WHERE GUITAR'S GOING TO HIT NEXT! BUT IF WE TELL YOU, YOU HAVE TO PROMISE YOU MAKE IT THE PRIORITY OF YOUR WHOLE FORCE TO FIND DAREDEVIL.
EASY, LADY! YOU'RE PREACHING TO THE CONVERTED! THIS IS THE BREAK WE'VE BEEN PRAYING FOR!


I WANT GUITAR.
NOW, LET'S GO!
I LIKE DAREDEVIL, BUT I DON'T LIKE HIS VIOLENT WAYS.
HEY, DIS GUY'S DRAMATIC.
I'LL FIND HIM, AND I'LL TEACH HIM A LESSON.


IF HE'D COME TO THE POLICE IN THE FIRST PLACE, HE WOULDN'T BE IN THIS TROUBLE.
HE'S GOT TO LEARN--

--TO USE LEGAL CHANNELS INSTEAD OF HIS OWN TWO FISTS. TWO LITTLE CLENCHED FISTS ARE NOTHING, ABOUT AS POTENT AS A BABY'S AGAINST THESE THINGS.
WITH POLICE PROTECTION, WE COULD HAVE HAD THIS GUY ALREADY WITHOUT BLOODSHED.

WE'LL STAKE OUT THIS WAREHOUSE AND WAIT FOR IT.
A TEN-MAN TEAM WITH HEAVY ARTILLERY SHOULD DO IT. THE MORE MANPOWER YOU HAVE, THE LESS LIKELY THINGS WILL GET VIOLENT.
UH-HUH.

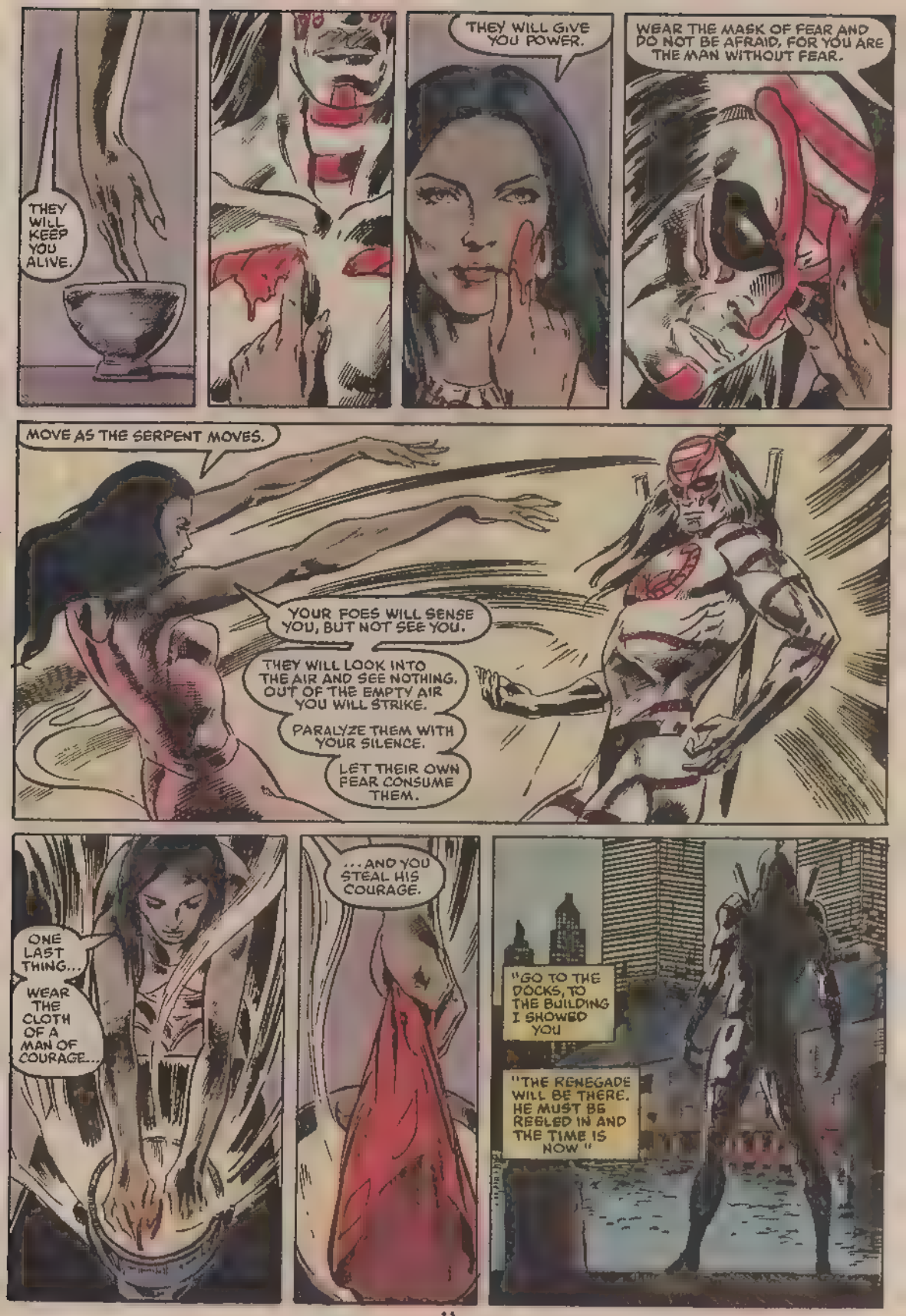
LET ME GO LET ME GO LET ME GO!
JUST WANNA PULL UP MY ROOTS AN' RUN AN' THEY'RE TRYIN' TO YANK ME BACK TO THE GROUND, BACK TO WHERE I DON'T WANNA GO.
THEY RUINED MY HOME ...THEY DROVE A SPIKE RIGHT THROUGH MY TELEPHONE... THEY THINK THEIR VOODOO CAN STOP PROGRESS...
THOSE ARE THE OLD WAYS, THEY WON'T MAKE IT IN THE MODERN WORLD, THEY'RE BEIN' LEFT BEHIND...
...THEY DROVE A SPIKE INTO EACH ONE A MY SHOES...
LET ME GO... LET ME GO...
THIS IS NEW YORK, YOU'RE ALL FAR AWAY IN HAITI, YOU CAN'T TOUCH DANNY GUITAR HERE...
"I LEFT YOU ALL BEHIND THAT NIGHT..."
"I WAS ONE OF THEM, I WAS PART OF IT, AND YET I FELT REMOVED, ENCLOSED, AS IF MY VISION PUSHED UPON A PANE OF GLASS.
"MAMBO, THE HIGH PRIESTESS, LED THE CHANT.
"SHE SPOKE OF SNAKES BITING THEIR OWN TAILS AND VAST WATERS TO CROSS AND OF BLOOD FLOWING FROM DEATH INTO LIFE, ALL THIS AND MORE AS THE SOULS OF OUR ANCESTORS STEAMED IN THE POTS BEHIND HER.
"LONG LIQUID NOTES GUSHED OUT OF HER MOUTH, A CUP OVERFLOWING.
"THEY ALL JOINED IN, THEIR VOICES BOILING AND BUBBLING LIKE AN OVERCOOKED STEW. I MOUTHED THE WORDS BUT ALL SOUND DIED IN MY THROAT.
"I FELT THEIR EXCITEMENT RISE, THEIR HEARTS FLUTTERED LIKE BATS, THEIR MINDS SCURRIED LIKE RATS, THE WAILING SOUNDS JOINED THE WIND AND ALCHEMIZED INTO MOVEMENT -- THE VERY AIR BEGAN TO SHIVER IN ANTICIPATION.
"AND I BEGAN TO BURN LIKE A TORCH, I ACHED TO BLAST MY LIGHT ON THEM, THE LIGHT OF REASON, AND EXPOSE THEIR LIES...
"THEN THE GROUND MOVED..."

"THE VOICES PEAKED AND JOINED FORCES WITH THE AIR, WIND AND EARTH, THE MAGNETISM PULLING...
"...PULLING THE LONG BONES OUT OF THE EARTH AS IF SLOWLY DRAWING UP THE ROOTS OF A LONG DEAD TREE...
"I SAW THEM YET I REFUSED TO SEE THEM...
"THEIR MOVEMENTS OVER-DRAMATIC EXAGGERATED MOCKERIES OF HUMAN MOVEMENT...
"...GODLESS BLASPHEMIES--
"--MAMBO'S TRIUMPH.
"SHE WAS RAISING THE DEAD...
"AND I BEGAN TO SCREAM..."

"WHAT I UTTERED WAS NOT HUMAN EITHER, AS IF A WELL BURST THROUGH, A GEYSER SHOT UP. I COULD HEAR MY OWN VOICE AS IF CARRIED TO ME FROM A GREAT DISTANCE...
"I SPOKE ALL THE NAMES, THE UNUTTERABLE NAMES, THE UNSPEAKABLE NAMES...
"AS AN INITIATE I KNEW ALL THE SECRETS, AND I VIOLATED EVERY SACRED TABOO...
"THEY TRIED TO STOP THE FLOW OF MOLTEN WORDS BUT I BROKE AWAY AND RAN... I RAN OVER THE GREAT OCEANS TO THE MODERN WORLD... I LEFT THEM BEHIND..."
THEY HAVE NO POWER OVER ME ANYMORE.
THEIR VOODOO CANNOT BREATHE IN THE MODERN WORLD...
THEIR VOODOO IS *NOTHING* AGAINST *HOT LEAD BULLETS!!*
KBLAM
KBLAM
KBLAM

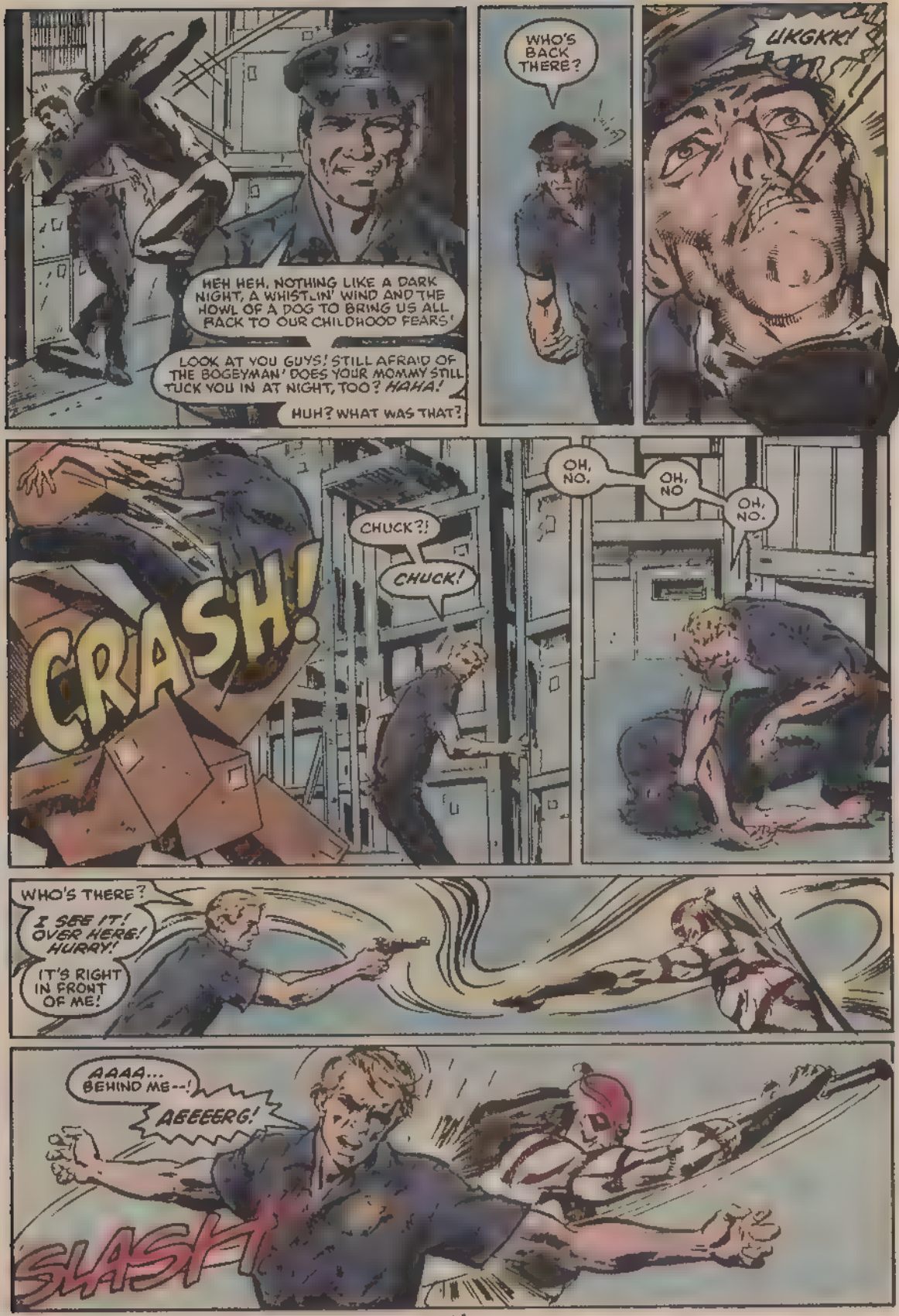
FORTUNE TELLER
SURVIVE, GOTTA SURVIVE.
GOTTA GET MONEY, GO WHERE NO ONE CAN TOUCH ME.
NOBODY MOVES! GET YOUR MONEY OUT!
BRATATATATATATAT
CRA SH!
LOSE YOUR SHIRT, DANNY GUITAR?
ALL OF IT. MONEY, DRUGS, I WANT ALL OF IT.
YOU GO TOO FAR, DANNY. YOUR VOODOO HELPED CONTROL THE DRUG TRAFFIC. YOUR CONNECTIONS WERE THE BEST.
BUT EVEN YOU ARE EXPENDABLE. AND EVEN OUR BUSINESS HAS LAWS THAT CANNOT BE BROKEN.
THIS GUN IS LAW. IT BLOWS EVERYTHING ELSE AWAY.
YOU'RE A DEAD MAN, DANNY GUITAR.
WHAT'S THAT PAINT ON YOUR FACE? MORE OF YOUR FASCISTIC VOODOO TACTICS?
WHAT PAINT? WHAT VOODOO?
SHUT UP!
BRATATA

ELSEWHERE IN NEW YORK...
THE QUEST.
YES, YOU LEARN QUICKLY. NOTHING MUST HARM OUR QUEST INTO THE UNKNOWN. HAVE YOU PRIMED DANNY GUITAR?
I DRAGGED HIS APARTMENT BACK TO THE RITUAL GROUND.
GOOD. NOW YOU SHALL SEE THE POWER OF FEAR. IF YOU HAVE TRULY MADE HIM AFRAID, WE CAN SIT BACK AND WATCH GUITAR DESTROY HIMSELF.
AND THE REDMAN? THE DAREDEVIL?
HE BELIEVES HIS FISTS ARE USELESS.
GOOD. ALL HE HAD WAS HIS VIOLENCE. WITHOUT IT, HE CRUMBLES.
MATT.
YES, I DIVINED THE REDMAN'S NAME TO BE MATT, AS I HAVE DIVINED THE NAMES OF THE SACRED FETISHES TO GIVE YOU POWER. TO KNOW ONE'S SECRET NAME IS TO HAVE POWER OVER HIM.
YOU HAVE NO SECRET NAME, NO ONE MAY HARM YOU. YOU ARE THE NAMELESS ONE, THE DEAD ONE, YOU CANNOT DIE.
THESE POTS CONTAIN THE SOULS OF THE DEAD PRIESTS AND PRIESTESSES.


THEY WILL KEEP YOU ALIVE.
THEY WILL GIVE YOU POWER.
WEAR THE MASK OF FEAR AND DO NOT BE AFRAID, FOR YOU ARE THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR.
MOVE AS THE SERPENT MOVES.
YOUR FOES WILL SENSE YOU, BUT NOT SEE YOU.
THEY WILL LOOK INTO THE AIR AND SEE NOTHING. OUT OF THE EMPTY AIR YOU WILL STRIKE.
PARALYZE THEM WITH YOUR SILENCE.
LET THEIR OWN FEAR CONSUME THEM.
ONE LAST THING...
WEAR THE CLOTH OF A MAN OF COURAGE...
...AND YOU STEAL HIS COURAGE.
"GO TO THE DOCKS, TO THE BUILDING I SHOWED YOU
"THE RENEGADE WILL BE THERE. HE MUST BE REGLED IN AND THE TIME IS NOW"

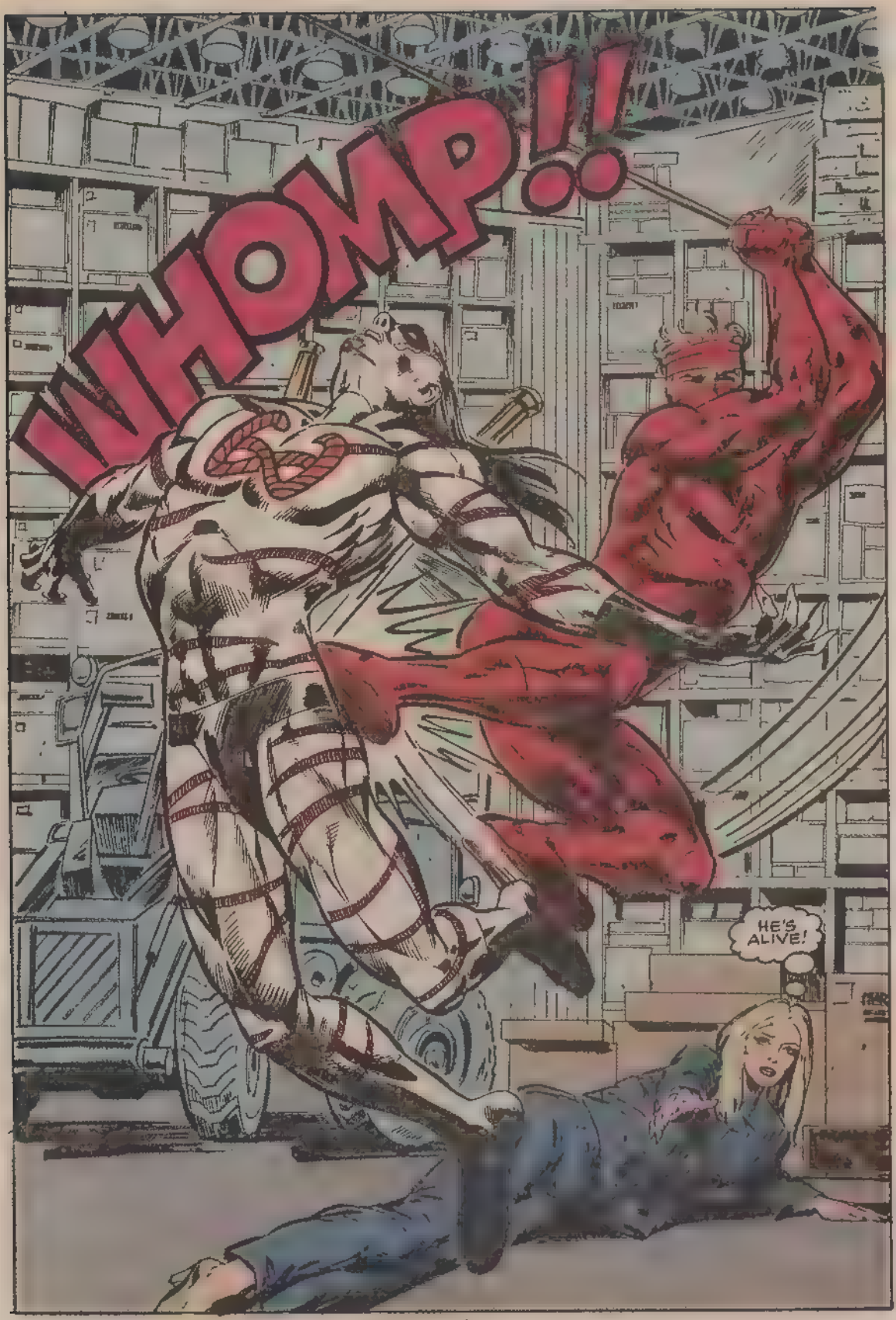
A RUNDOWN WAREHOUSE ON THE DOCKS NEAR HELL'S KITCHEN.
IT IS FULL OF DUSTY STOCK THAT HASN'T LEFT THE SHELVES IN A DECADE.
BUT THERE IS MUCH MOVEMENT HERE, FOR EVERY NIGHT THE CARGO SHIPS PULL IN AND ONE IMPORT IS UNLOADED AND DISTRIBUTED THROUGHOUT THE CITY.
WHITE CRYSTALLINE POWDER, HEAVENLY ANGELIC SNOW, PRECIOUS PRICELESS POISON--
COCAINE.
DANNY GUITAR'S LIVELIHOOD. HE WAS GOING TO USE HIS HOT LEAD BULLETS TO TAKE TONIGHT'S SHIPMENT. TAKE THE SHIPMENT BY FORCE AND RUN
BUT TONIGHT ALL HE FINDS IS A PRETERNATURAL SILENCE.
WHERE ARE YOU?
COME OUT, YOU LOWLIFE SCUM, BEFORE I BLOW YOU OUT!
I FEEL IT, SOMETHING IS HERE.
COME ON! MY TRIGGER FINGER'S GETTING RESTLESS!
I SENSE IT... NEARBY.
FREEZE GUITAR! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!
COME ON, DROP THE GUN, YOU'RE SURROUNDED!
BLA BLA BLAM BLAM BLAM
EAT BULLETS, PIGS
BLAM!
ARRRHGH!

GOOD JOB, BOYS
DO YOU SEE NOW KAREN? MINIMAL EFFORT MINIMAL VIOLENCE WRAP THE WHOLE THING UP. MY MEN DO CLEAN EFFICIENT WORK. NOBODY GETS HURT.
DAREDEVIL WOULD HAVE BEAT THIS GUY TO A PULP
MY HAND. CAN'T MOVE MY HAND!
YOU'LL BE FINE BUB
WELL, I'M HEADIN' STRAIGHT HOME - MARSHA'S DINNER WARM.
BUCKO, YOU PROMISED...
ANYBODY FOR A BREW?
YEAH, NOTHING LIKE A BEER AFTER A HARD NIGHT'S WORK.
IT AIN'T OVER IT AIN'T OVER
QUIET, YOU.
YES YES. WE'LL FIND DAREDEVIL FOR YOU. I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE THE LOOK ON HIS FACE WHEN HE REALIZES WE DIDN'T NEED HIS VAUNTED HELP.
WHAT'S THAT SMELL?
UGH! WHATTA STENCH!
MAKIN' ME... GAG. FUNNY... WHERE'D THAT BREEZE COME FROM?
MUST BE FROM A BUSTED WINDOW...
SOMETHIN'S GIVIN' ME THE CREEPS.
VOODOO..
YOU SHUT UP GUITAR!
DON'T BE SUPERSTITIOUS. ALWAYS A RATIONAL ANSWER TO EVERYTHING
HHHHHEEEEEAAAAAAAA
WHAT IN GOD'S NAME WAS THAT?
HOWL OF A BEAST!
CALM DOWN, PROBABLY A RABID DOG. I'LL TAKE CARE OF IT
VOODOO..


HEH HEH, NOTHING LIKE A DARK NIGHT, A WHISTLIN' WIND AND THE HOWL OF A DOG TO BRING US ALL BACK TO OUR CHILDHOOD FEARS!
LOOK AT YOU GUYS! STILL AFRAID OF THE BOGEYMAN? DOES YOUR MOMMY STILL TUCK YOU IN AT NIGHT, TOO? HAHA!
HUH? WHAT WAS THAT?
WHO'S BACK THERE?
UKGKK!
CRASH!
CHUCK?!
CHUCK!
OH, NO.
OH, NO
OH, NO.
WHO'S THERE?
I SEE IT! OVER HERE! HURRY!
IT'S RIGHT IN FRONT OF ME!
AAAA... BEHIND ME--!
ABEEERG!
SLASH

OKAY, WE GOT HIM! DO IT TOGETHER-- HIT HIM NOW!!
URGHK!
AAEEE!
URGH!
WOMP!
ME... HE'S COME FOR ME ...GOTTA RUN... I CAN'T MOVE! DON'T LOOK AT ME... DON'T LOOK!
BUCKO! HE'S WIPED OUT FIFTEEN GUYS! WE'RE DOWN TO THREE MEN! WE GOTTA RUN!
OH, MAN! HE'S LIFTING THAT WHOLE TRACTOR! HE ISN'T HUMAN!
GET OUT OF ITS WAY!
BLAM!
YOU MISSED US, YOU MONSTER!
BUT MY BULLETS WON'T.

YOU'RE NOT HITTING HIM! LOOK AT HIS EYES!
NO, DON'T LOOK!
HE GOT HALF MY MEN BY SCARING THEM INTO MAKING MISTAKES!
THOSE EYES, THAT PAINT, THE STENCH--HE FILLED THEM WITH FEAR AND STOOD BACK AND LAUGHED WHILE THEY THREW THEIR LIVES AWAY.
BLAM!
LET'S SEE IF HE CAN LAUGH AT BULLETS!
BLAM!
OH, NO...
KRAK!
KEEP AWAY FROM ME!
THE MASK! YOU'VE GOT HIS MASK-- URGK!
GIVE ME THAT!
MATT!! OH, DEAR GOD ANSWER MY PRAYERS...


WHOMP!!
HE'S ALIVE!

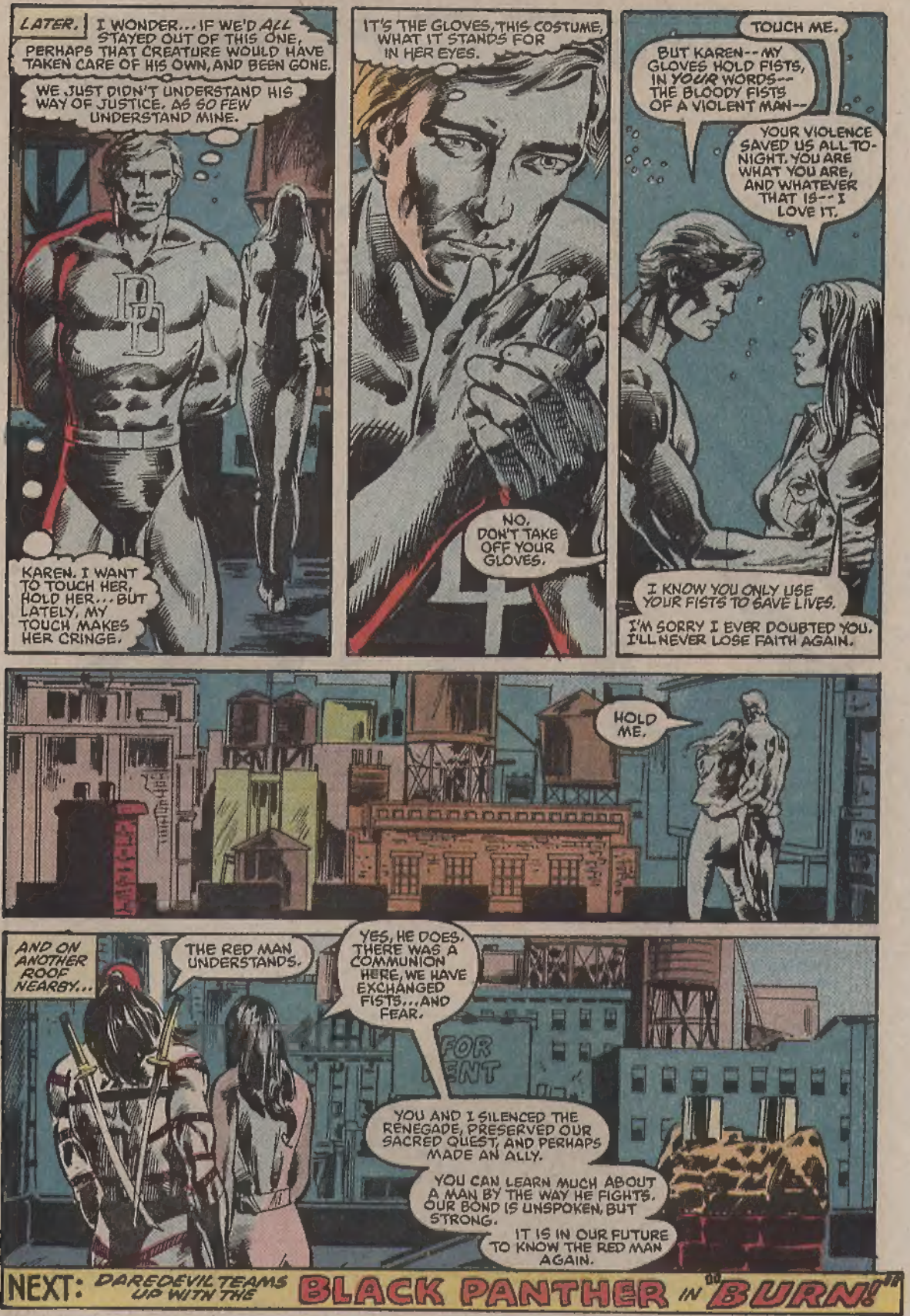
CRASH!
IS HE...?
HE'S OUT COLD!
NO HE'S MOVING.
SMASH!
HIS SMELL--OVERWHELMING MY SENSES.. MUSCLES ACHE WITH THE MEMORY OF YESTERDAY'S BATTLE AND HOW HE BEAT ME SENSELESS! THE FEAR I FELT...
CAN'T THINK ABOUT THAT!
WHOMP!
C'MON C'MON... HIT HIM!
HE'S GOT 'IM! HIT HIM AGAIN!
HIT HIM HARD!!
CRACK!

AN INTENSE PHYSICAL MEMORY IS SOMETIMES STORED RIGHT IN THE MUSCLES.
THE NAMELESS ONE HITS HARD, AND WITH EVERY STRIKE, DAREDEVIL REMEMBERS.
EACH BLOW HITS THE RIGHT NERVES, METHODICALLY FORCING THE MEMORY TO AWAKEN AND FLOOD BACK--
--BACK TO YESTERDAY, WHEN HE BEAT EVERYTHING OUT OF DAREDEVIL AND USED HIS VOODOO MAGICS TO FILL THE BEATEN HERO WITH FEAR.
DAREDEVIL'S BODY SHUDDERS IN A CONTINUAL REPLAY OF THE PAIN.
HE TRIES, HE DRAWS ON HIS INNER LIGHT, THE FOUNT OF HIS SPIRIT AND CHANNELS IT INTO A SINGLE BLOW THAT'S EVERYTHING HE'S GOT--
WHAK!

CRASH!
UUUUUUGH...
GET UP!
NO...
YES! HERE, LOOK--I HAVE YOUR MASK, IT'S WHAT YOU ARE, IT'S DAREDEVIL--
--IT'S FEARLESS!
PLEASE! YOU ARE MY MAN, AND I BELIEVE IN WHAT YOU DO! CAN YOU UNDERSTAND THAT!?
YES-- AND I'VE GOT IT BACK NOW...
THE NAMELESS ONE CALLS ON THE DJAB, ON THE ANCESTRAL LOAS. HE IS HIS OWN TEMPLE, A TREE ROOTED IN DEATH, WITH THE MIND OF A SNAKE. HIS CINDER EYES BURN INTO HIS FOE...
DAREDEVIL IS BLIND TO IT...
...BUT HE GIVES THE NAMELESS ONE A LITTLE VOODOO OF HIS OWN.
WAK!
SWAK
STAND BACK, IT'S NOT OVER YET.

SLASH
BOTH MEN ARE AT THE BRINK, BEYOND STRENGTH, RUNNING ON FALSE ENERGY.
THOK!
BUT THEY FIGHT ON.
AND ON.
THOSE WATCHING SEE A PHYSICAL FIGHT.
THE FIGHTERS KNOW IT IS SO MUCH MORE.
IT IS WILL AND INTENT AND INTANGIBLE, ELUSIVE THINGS THAT WILL TIP THE SCALES ONE WAY OR THE OTHER
IT ALL COMES DOWN TO THE LAST STAND, THE FINAL BLOW.
ONE WILL FALL, ONE WILL STAND.
THE AIR AROUND THEM SEEMS ELECTRIFIED, AS IF EVEN THOUGH THEY STAND FROZEN, THEY ARE STILL TRADING BLOWS.
THEY ARE. AND THEY HAVE ONE MORE TO GO.

KA-POW!
IT'S OVER.
WHEW!
I'LL GET SOME ROPES ON THE BODY.
DAREDEVIL--THANK YOU. YOU SAVED OUR LIVES.
ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT. I GOT CARRIED AWAY. BUT IF I'D HAD MORE MEN--
I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT!
THANKS. I THOUGHT I EVEN HEARD YOUR BOSS BUCKO CHEERING ME ON.
--THEN MORE MEN WOULD HAVE DIED.
ADMIT IT, BUCKO--SOME THINGS ARE BIGGER THAN THE POLICE FORCE.
HEY! LOOK OVER HERE! THE THING'S DISINTEGRATED OR SOMETHING!
DANNY?!
LOOK AT HIM!
HE'S GONE INTO A STATE OF CATATONIA. THAT THING NOT ONLY GOT AWAY, HE SCARED GUITAR NEAR TO DEATH ON HIS WAY OUT!
PERHAPS THIS IS WHAT HE CAME TO DO--TO SILENCE DANNY GUITAR.
THEN HE MAY NEVER BE BACK!
LET'S HOPE NOT.


LATER.
I WONDER... IF WE'D ALL STAYED OUT OF THIS ONE, PERHAPS THAT CREATURE WOULD HAVE TAKEN CARE OF HIS OWN, AND BEEN GONE.
WE JUST DIDN'T UNDERSTAND HIS WAY OF JUSTICE. AS SO FEW UNDERSTAND MINE.
KAREN. I WANT TO TOUCH HER, HOLD HER... BUT LATELY, MY TOUCH MAKES HER CRINGE.
IT'S THE GLOVES, THIS COSTUME, WHAT IT STANDS FOR IN HER EYES.
NO. DON'T TAKE OFF YOUR GLOVES.
TOUCH ME.
BUT KAREN -- MY GLOVES HOLD FISTS, IN YOUR WORDS -- THE BLOODY FISTS OF A VIOLENT MAN --
YOUR VIOLENCE SAVED US ALL TONIGHT. YOU ARE WHAT YOU ARE, AND WHATEVER THAT IS -- I LOVE IT.
I KNOW YOU ONLY USE YOUR FISTS TO SAVE LIVES.
I'M SORRY I EVER DOUBTED YOU. I'LL NEVER LOSE FAITH AGAIN.
HOLD ME.
AND ON ANOTHER ROOF NEARBY...
THE RED MAN UNDERSTANDS.
YES, HE DOES. THERE WAS A COMMUNION HERE, WE HAVE EXCHANGED FISTS... AND FEAR.
YOU AND I SILENCED THE RENEGADE, PRESERVED OUR SACRED QUEST, AND PERHAPS MADE AN ALLY.
YOU CAN LEARN MUCH ABOUT A MAN BY THE WAY HE FIGHTS. OUR BOND IS UNSPOKEN, BUT STRONG.
IT IS IN OUR FUTURE TO KNOW THE RED MAN AGAIN.
NEXT: DAREDEVIL TEAMS UP WITH THE BLACK PANTHER IN "BURN!"

DAREDEVIL
#COMICSCANS
DALNET